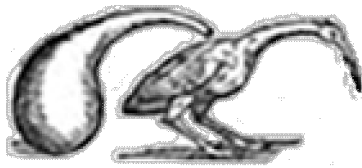


Segue

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GEORGE KALAMARAS



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Angora

That seemed deceptively simple.
The lines were fixed as six or more ways of mouth.

My teacher said that *conditions are always neutral*.
There is a line of mind on which we swell.

I have heard of Bihar village folk granting naked Jain monks a bath of hands.
I have heard the refrigerator recharge its cold belch in the night.

I wish I could describe what it was like to live in China's mountains those
years as a panda.
No one would ever believe a paper clip could arm wrestle a staple gun.

We inherit our wandering black and white selves like we inherit these bodies,
one action at a time, each inscribed in the astral spine.
How else could I have ever thought up on my own all these years of hair?

That's one reason I salivate whenever I touch angora.
I keep recalling what it felt like to be lost.

How Abundant, How Awful

Why didn't the hummingbird give us one more month of summer?
How could the camellia not have translated the droppings of rare black birds?

When I look out upon the snow, it is a badly-bruised bread.
Pockmarks of salt and yeast somehow indent my childhood name.

Still, I am among you, digesting a gorilla I hadn't even known I'd seen, from a
mosquito infestation my malaria could not inscribe.
That's the way it is with karma. We come into this life desiring many stings.

How clearly the four a.m. locomotive praises my most hidden scratch.
How abundant, how awful, my ask-for-forgiveness might cattle-car sound.

There are many secret nights, private thighs, intense desire to suck a word
from this feminine trembling, from that.
That's how I grew up. Always afraid, always desiring an urgent, abundant
clutch.

Come with me to that tree fort in Indiana and cold November wind-rippings at
my vest.
I tried to climb above the anger and hurt of two adults who no longer felt
loved, even by themselves.

American Warbler

There are 109 species of American warblers.
Introduced into New York in 1890, starlings have been spreading ever since.

The alleged length of a hoaxer's preface included Leonora Carrington's
middle initial.
In fact, anyone urgently alive was kind of dead.

In any case, a rather peculiar rumor had gone too far.
It went something like this: *don't believe a word—he's only lived once—
there are no multiple incarnations.*

I considered a written grudge written by him *for* him.
It said, *he keeps a great horned owl in his refrigerator.*

Among human beings, the best possible expression at least sacrificed a
seductive anguish.
I devoted myself to Gregorian chanting, to gathering dissonant discussions for
the Ubu plays produced in Cochin, China, where I may or may not have
once lived.

About the Author

George Kalamaras is the author of six collections of poetry, most recently *Gold Carp Jack Fruit Mirrors* (The Bitter Oleander Press, forthcoming 2008), *Even the Java Sparrows Call Your Hair* (Quale Press, 2004), *Borders My Bent Toward* (Pavement Saw Press, 2003), and *The Theory and Function of Mangoes* (Four Way Books, 2000). He is Professor of English at Indiana University-Purdue University Fort Wayne, where he has taught since 1990. Read more about him at herecomeseverybody.blogspot.com/2005/11/george-kalamaras-is-professor-of.html

George Kalamaras on the Web:

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